Periodical
October, 1933

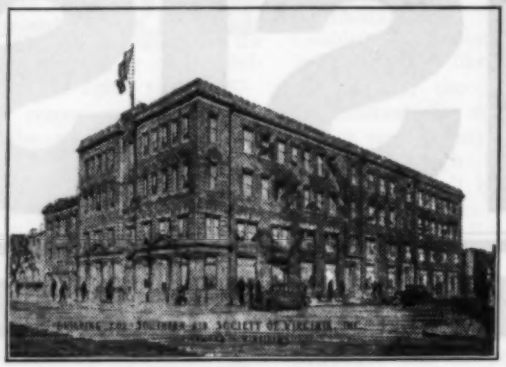
THE

FIFTEEN CENTS

CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

JESUS AND WEALTH—YOUTH AT AMENIA
A SCOTTSBORO PLAY



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THE CRISIS

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A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, *Editor and Manager*

Volume 40, No. 10 **Contents for October, 1933** *Whole No. 275*

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THE NOVEMBER CRISIS

•

In the November and December numbers we shall treat PAN AFRICA and review the whole RACIAL PHILOSOPHY.

An Article on the artist, BANNISTER.

MUSIC AND SLAVERY. By a German.

AS THE CROW FLIES

Mr. Henry Ford is quite willing to lead in liberal labor methods providing he handles the publicity and distributes the funds.

•

Nuremberg, that lovely old city of German mediaevalism, is carrying on a three-ring circus in which a certain Mr. Hitler is exhibiting his wares.

•

Everybody that knows anything about the rates charged for public and private illumination in New York City and elsewhere is certain that they should be reduced. Notwithstanding this, the matter will go to court and certain judges will have the last word as to this form of public taxation. In the meantime, oyez! We must not criticize the courts.

•

New York City, like the rest of us, is having difficulty paying its bills. And also, like the most of us, it still insists on running up bills.

•

We are going to try to get tremendously excited October 1 on the issue of that magazine owned by the Astor Land Monopoly and edited by the distinguished gentleman who for a few days stole the spotlight in London from the Secretary of State. We are going to try, but we do not anticipate great success.

We have great sympathy with Mr. Farley in this matter of finding jobs for deserving Democrats. Especially, black ones. We know he must be doing everything possible, and we fully expect that by 1936, he will announce the appointment of a janitor. At which time, we shall give voice to a resounding hurrah!

•

Mr. Wells puts the next World War in 1940, which relieves us of some personal anxiety.

•

Our own feeling is that the Seven Point Buck Deer at Watkins Glen, safely ensconced on an inaccessible range and guarded by a couple of precipices, is, under present circumstances, rather to be congratulated than pitied. We have an idea that the Lindberghs envy him.

•

We never did like the Helen Wills Moody smile and we like it less now.

•

After several sleepless nights, we have concluded that there are a number of persons in the United States who understand the N.R.A., and that we are not one of them.

•

Some people are disposed to think that when codes are being made and people being reemployed and barrage being laid on the movie screen, that this is not the time to complain about wages. We are afraid that unless just at this particular time complaint and emphatic and violent complaint is entered, somebody is going to starve to death before Christmas.

•

If it takes 29 battleships to overawe Cuba, just how many would we need to frighten Japan?

•

Wouldn't it be fine to invite Hitler to lecture at a few white Southern colleges? They might not understand his German but his race nonsense would fit beautifully.

•

The only code the banks need is "I Stop stealing."

•

When a revolution merely changes officials we pat it on the back. When it changes ideas, we send war-ships.

•

Henry Ford has just given the United States to understand that he will obey its laws when he gets damned good and ready and not before nor since. So we send war-ships to Cuba.

The Crisis was founded in 1910. It is published monthly at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Crisis Publishing Company, Inc., and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The subscription price is $1.50 a year or 15c a copy. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage, and while The Crisis uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.

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Jesus and Wealth

By A. CLAYTON POWELL

FOR the last five years I have been accused of being a heterodox preacher, and if the general attitude of the church is considered, the attitude of Jesus toward the vexing problems of the world, I plead guilty to the accusation. The attitude of the orthodox church is as far from the attitude of Jesus as Soviet Russia is from an absolute monarchy.

The Church is so blind when it comes to the proper attitudes of Jesus that its best writers fail to see these attitudes, or intentionally ignore them.

For instance, take the attitude of Jesus toward Capital and Labor. I doubt whether any man has so completely and satisfactorily defined Christian Education as George A. Coe. He can tell you more about the meaning and purpose of Christian Education in one hour than I can in one month, but I am forced to disagree with him when he says, "the Gospels give no direct guidance concerning Capital and Labor, property, the profit system, corporations, government ownership, social insurance, international law, and so forth, though these are the sphere of the severest moral strain of our time."

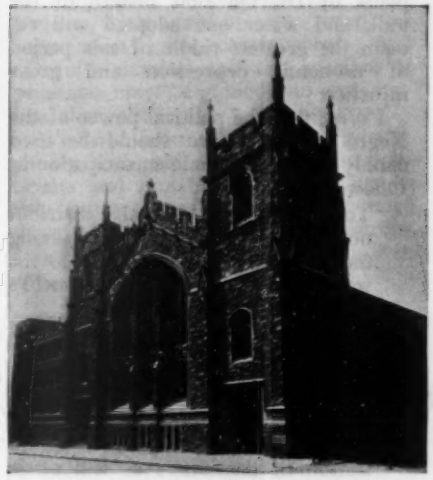
He is undoubtedly correct in stating that "these are the sphere of the severest moral strain of our time," but I can not see any possible way of a Bible student mistaking the teachings of the Gospels concerning either Capital or Labor.

Even a casual reader of the Gospels, like Theophilus Lewis, whose weekly letter appears in the *Amsterdam News*, says in the issue of that paper, December 23rd, "I do not mean to say that Jesus evaded the serious questions of life or shut His eye on evil. But the evil He hated was not the picayune misconduct of individuals, but the big, important crimes of society. He was the uncompromising foe of injustice and depression and had the courage to denounce them, even in the shadow of the Cross."

May I add, if you have not read that article you have missed the clearest expression of Jesus and His way of life, which appeared in print during 1931. Mr. Lewis is absolutely right in saying that "Jesus is the uncompromising foe of injustice and depression."

Jesus is clearly and unconditionally opposed to the selfish use of wealth. His parables and His straight-forward teachings clearly set forth His attitude on this question.

Luke records one of His parables which Mr. Scofield calls the "Parable of the Rich Fool." In this parable a man who had amassed enough goods to last him for many years, says to his soul, "Take thine ease!"



This is an abstract from an address delivered at the annual meeting of the N.A.A.C.P. in 1931. Dr. Powell is pastor of Abyssinian Baptist Church, perhaps the largest and most successful Negro community church in America, having a membership of 11,475. The Church was organized in Worth Street, New York City in 1808 and will celebrate its 125th anniversary this November. It is located on 138th Street, near Seventh Avenue in Harlem. Its property is worth about $500,000 free and clear of debt. Its budget this year is $35,000. The Reverend Doctor Powell will have spent twenty-five years in the service of the Church in December of this year.

Abyssinian Baptist Church has thirty workers on its payroll; seventeen of these are part-time workers and thirteen are full-time workers. Among the full-time workers are a Missionary in Suehn, Liberia, West Africa, and a Professor occupying the Chair of Religious Education at Virginia Union University, Richmond, Va.

There is a Week-day religious School, Vacation Bible School, Bureau of Mental Guidance headed by Dr. Beran Wolfe, a Red Cross Training Class, classes in Cooking, Sewing, Candy-making, Physical Culture, and a class of 37 Young Thinkers made up of college students. The Church owns and conducts a home for its aged members.

L. P. Jacks rightly calls this "the motto of the fool." He had hardly got through with this soliloquy, when a Voice said to him, "this night is thy soul required of thee."

This man did not lose his soul because he was rich, but because he did not devote his wealth and time to the social good of his community. He lost his soul because he settled down to do nothing, saying, "Soul, take thine ease!" And God pronounced upon him a scathing criticism and an eternal curse.

There is nothing to justify us in saying that this man died physically. His, I believe, was a spiritual death. A live soul and selfishly hoarded wealth can not live together.

We speak of "soulless corporations" and "soulless individuals." We do not mean by that, that they have ceased to function physically, but *spiritually and socially*. Corporations or individuals who amass wealth solely for the sake of comfort and luxury, to the neglect of the needs of Society, will certainly lose their souls.

William James says that "every man's life is determined by the philosophy he adopts."

The most widespread and damaging philosophy of our modern times is "Do the things that will make me happy and give me comfort." Most of us are acting upon this principle. It matters not how much inconvenience, unhappiness, sorrow or poverty it brings to the masses, just so it makes me happy. If I can wring enough money out of the people by a low wage and by selling them watered stock, and by charging them too much for the necessities of life, to buy me a house and a Rolls-Royce, no matter how much suffering it causes other people, just so I am happy and prosperous.

This philosophy has filled the world with crime and criminals, and most of these criminals are outside of prison walls, doing business among us.

Now, do not understand me to say that every wealthy man is a criminal, or that every rich man loses his soul.

Dives did not lose his soul because he had millions, but because he refused to give even a crumb to Lazarus, who headed the breadline at his gate.

The attitude of Jesus toward the use of wealth is especially emphasized in his conversation with the rich young ruler and with Zaccheus, the dean of grafters.

The former is commanded to dis-

tribute his wealth among the poor and Zaccheus voluntarily agreed to do this in the readjustment of himself to God and to society. He gave half of his wealth to feed the poor and promised to reimburse with a high rate of interest all he had robbed "through cut-throat methods." His method of readjustment received the unqualified approval of Jesus.

I am not a Communist or a Socialist. If I were either, I would not apologize to the United States Government or anyone else.

During a conversation the other day, with a learned friend, I uttered a good word for the Communist idea. This friend said, "don't you know that the Communists are fools?" I replied that "nearly all of the modern Republicans are also fools," and if I were not a minister I would qualify that noun with a very popular American adjective.

You can call the Communists and Socialists fools if you are fool enough to do so. You can curse them and their methods, but when you sober up, you will admit that the experiences of the last two years have taught us that they are on the right track, despite the fact that they do not always use the best methods.

No man in this generation has so completely expressed my thoughts on the solution of this economic problem as did Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, in a "plank" which he drew for the adoption of the Non-Partisan Negro Conference held last December in Washington, D. C. Why the Conference did not accept the plank of Dr. Du Bois instead of the milk and water one adopted will remain the greatest riddle of this period of economic depression and gross injustice.

Voted, that the political power of the Negro in the future should be used mainly for his economic emancipation as follows:

A. To secure a more equitable distribution of the national income among those, white and black, who do the world's work and make the world's wealth.
B. To replace privilege and monopoly in the ownership and direction of capital by state control and greater democratic direction of industry.
C. To encourage, especially among our own people, such cooperative organization of consumers as will offset and balance the present power of producers and help secure between production and consumption a new plan of organized industry for the benefit directly of the working classes and indirectly of all men.
D. For the intelligent carrying out of this industrial program, we earnestly recommend that American Negroes give attention and thought to all movements toward social reform: to Communists and Socialists, to laborers and capitalists, and to all those who are sincerely seeking to remedy the present depression and to break down the economic color line.

There is bound to be a more equal distribution of wealth if we are going to stave off an economic world revolution that will make all other revolutions look like a dog fight in a backyard.

If you think this statement radically sensational just remember that only fifteen years ago Russia was barricaded behind the most powerful monarchial government in the world, and that government was reinforced by the most obedient and subservient church in Christendom. You need not be told that the government has been overthrown, the church demolished, humanity uprooted, and a new way of life adopted.

In the increasing light of a growing democracy, no economic system can stand very long in which 10% of the people own 90% of the wealth. The 90% are going to get more either by fair or foul means, and they are going to get it sooner than most of us expect.

Race Pride

By GEORGE F. McCRAY

NOTHING pro or con may be unequivocally said of Race Pride. It is like its analogue, Nationalism; that is, its value lies largely in its objects. Psychologically, both Race Pride and Nationalism are predisposing states of mind. They declare to the world that the individual stands ready to act the instant certain symbols are exposed to his view. Race Pride and Nationalism become first principles. The individual's thinking is based upon them. But is this condition desirable?

Unrestrained, unguarded predispositions sooner or later operate to the disadvantage of the person holding them. Americans, Europeans and the citizens of all protectionist countries will tax themselves within an inch of their lives to become economically "self-supporting." They will gladly sacrifice their lives in an imperialist war to make the "lesser breeds" as miserable as they are themselves. And a Negro suffering from an inferiority complex and who has a degree of Race Pride as a result, easily commits the wildest extravagances imaginable in the direction of scarlet ties, dandy clothes, vulgar furniture and installment Packards—all to show his equality with Rotarian snobs and Christian hypocrites.

Originally the Negro turned to Race Pride because it was a defense mechanism against the oppressive implications of racial inferiority. This really represented nothing more than a determination to prove ourselves the equals of our former masters.

This idea of progress soon developed into a mania of racial obscurantism. Its excesses were responsible for a pathetic if not ludicrous effort on our part to correct nature's error in making us Negroes with broader nose, thicker lips and kinky hair. But now with our more accurate knowledge of the things that matter in this world of men, we should readjust these predispositions.

It is sheer nonsense to deny the need for this readjustment. Nationalism with very few exceptions is directed against the military or economic competitor. It is far less concerned with preserving a national culture. That is a subterfuge. And much of the foregoing is applicable to us with our Race Pride, but without the subterfuge. We were too guileless and culturally bankrupt for such a maneuver. We should have excused our Race Pride on the ground that it was necessary to preserve the Christian religion from contamination.

Unfortunately, we were so blunt as to hurl our Race Pride against the color line and all it represented. We had no culture to preserve, but we did have a few individuals worthy of respect; a history (never effectively written) worthy of being known and opportunities to offer to our own professional class.

All this was the emotional equivalent of war. It represented a conflict in which we were constantly defeated. Despite all the marvels of modern chemistry we could not escape our racial heritage. However much we struggled individually; however loud the applause we gave our heroes; however strong the denunciation we hurled

against white people; our position changed almost imperceptibly. It is natural then that we are becoming pessimistic, cynical, morose, and disillusioned. But undeniably much of this is the result of Race Pride.

A readjustment—a redirection of our predispositions is badly needed. We no longer need to adhere to the principles that Negroes should put their best foot forward in the presence of white people—that Negroes should patronize each other—that Negroes should not seriously criticize each other where whites might secure the information (this might have been borrowed from pre-war imperialism in Asia and Africa) —and that anything reprehensible to Negroes must be excused by holding whites responsible or at least by showing they are no better.

Now such mental acrobatics are perfectly idiotic. A Race Pride which obscures and minimizes our faults offers no inducement to progress and is injurious. In a world of competition and segregation race-consciousness will naturally develop and the passions it generates must be guided into constructive channels.

We have been stirred into a greater rivalry with white people by our politicians and our business men, but in the future Race Pride must more directly represent those cultural patterns and habits which we must develop in conformity to our peculiar economic circumstance. Too long have we sought the smiles of tin gods. We have expressed our resentments too passively—too negatively. We need to build our resentment into social structures as gigantic and perfect as our proscription is invincible.

From Race Pride must come the confidence to build. From it we must gain more fortitude for matters for us will be hard a good many years to come. More and more of the burden of industrial exploitation will be shifted to our shoulders, but we are a fighting race and we can make our progress as real as it is supposed to be.

Alycia's Grandchildren

A Story By JESSIE BERNARD

ALYCIA placed the worn old broom in the corner of the room and slipped out of the door before anyone noticed. Behind the ramshackle old house, unpainted these many years, there was a little path that led through the long green grass down to the spring where, no matter how hot the summer sun beat down, it was always cool. She was trying hard not to cry. At least not up here where everyone would see. Especially she didn't want ma'am and pap to see her cry. It would break their hearts. They had worked so hard to make it possible for her to accept the scholarship. They must never think that going away to college had made her ashamed of them.

She ran over the knotted gray board which lay across the tiny stream from the spring, stepped gracefully down onto the rock, and there, cool and calm, at the foot of the old birch tree, lay the spring. She sat down on the rock, crossed her slim brown legs, and wiped the hot tears from her eyes with the hem of her dress. What good did it do to go to college and learn how houses should be kept, how food should be cooked, how one's person should be tended if one had to live in a house like this? What good did it do to study all that science if one came home to people who believed in luck and signs? No wonder white folk laughed. Grandpap with his rabbit's foot. Jeff with his leather strap to keep away bad spirits. Lissy with her madstone and her witch doctor. So superstitious, all of them. And offended when she told them so. They were proud of their girl Alycia who had gone to college up there in the city. Very proud. And loved her dearly. But it was so hopeless to try to make them change their ways. It was like trying with her own slender shoulder to push away that green hill on the other side of the creek there. She couldn't budge her people any more than she could have budged that hill.

Out there in the cotton field two white men had been hunting for Indian arrow heads all afternoon. Sometimes she hated all white folk. A few hours ago those men—they were from the college down the road—had asked ma'am for a drink and she had shown them this spring. They had accepted her hospitality graciously, but as though they were doing her a favor. Yes, indeed, sometimes she hated all white folk, even gentle ones like them.

Up at the house grandpap was singing, now that the sun was going down. "Sometime I feel like a mournin' dove." "Sing low, sweet chariot." Dear old grandpap. He still sang like an angel though he was over ninety. It was enough to tear the heart out of you to hear him sing those old songs. Those songs. White folk were even trying to rob them of the honor of creating their own spirituals. Black folk had taken them from old camp meeting songs, they said. Oh, it seemed that everyone was in league to make black folk ashamed of themselves, instead of proud. If she could only be proud of her people! That was all she asked. To be able to be proud of black folk for something. To be able to hold up her head and not be ashamed in the presence of white folk.

She dried her eyes hurriedly as she heard voices immediately behind her. Then she stood up, embarrassed to be found here like this, for it was the two white men back again for another drink from the fresh cool spring.

"Oh, pardon me," said one of them, the older of the two, and probably the teacher. "May we have another drink? It's hot up there in the cotton field."

"Yes, sir," she replied politely. Didn't she know it was hot up there in the cotton field? She had worked in them. She bent over to dip up some water.

"Thanks. This is certainly a pleasant place, isn't it? Cool. Delightful."

She watched them while they drank, feeling resentment well up in her heart because she knew that they laughed at black folk's ways in their clean fine houses. But she was polite anyway. She always was. All black folk were. When they asked her if they might sit here awhile and examine their Indian relics she said, "Yes, sir," but she was really sorry they had come. She had wanted to be alone.

She remained and listened while they talked about what they had found. Indian arrow heads, spear heads, scrapers, axes, hammers. "Look at the beautiful workmanship on this one," said the older man. "What a fine job he did on it." The younger man looked at the arrow head and smiled his admiration of the worker's skill. The older man continued, "And this one, too. This must have been a camp site. Right here, you see, by this spring . . ."

Alycia listened eagerly in spite of her

(*Will you please turn to page* 238)

Youth and Age at Amenia

IT was the great Jew, Benjamin Disraeli, who said: "Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret." And so with blunder and regret and perhaps something of struggle, we came together last month in the second Amenia Conference.

The first conference at Joel Spingarn's beautiful country estate, took place in 1916. And after its few days of frank fellowship there was no adequate reason left for essential differences of opinion between the followers of Booker T. Washington, then just dead, and those younger men who had so vigorously opposed some of his policies.

The second Amenia conference held at Troutbeck, seventeen years later, had a definite object,—one much more usual in this world, and yet emphasized today both within and without the Negro race because of World War and unemployment. It was an attempt to bring together and into sympathetic understanding, Youth and Age interested in the Negro problem. And more particularly Youth, with a fringe of Age; and not extreme youth. Eliminating four admittedly among the elders, the others ranged in age between twenty-five and thirty-five, with a median age of thirty, that is, they were well out of college and started on their life work, and yet, as the invitations suggested, they were still with inquiring minds and still unsettled as to their main life work.

These younger conferees may be classed in various ways:

There were 5 social workers; 5 college professors, 4 Y. W. C. A. workers, 3 teachers, 3 lawyers, 2 artisans, 2 librarians, a physician, a student and a Y. M. C. A. worker.

Representing age (more or less willingly), were 2 editors, a professor and a social worker. All were college graduates except one. There were two Doctors of Philosophy.

Among the visitors were a distinguished author, a Federal official, a social worker and a physician.

This, of course, was far from being a cross-section of the group represented. Those present were picked almost haphazard from a list of over 400 names sent to us from all parts of the country. The younger people were, however, very interesting. Among them 3 gave evidence of first-class scholarship, based on thoughtful study and reading; ten were clear-thinkers, able to state their thoughts succinctly and definitely, not at all settled in thought or opinion and frankly aware of the fact, and yet able to contribute to thought. Four were more emotional, not altogether clear in thought, but evidently in earnest and groping. Two were bright but cynical, and the rest were a miscellaneous group, some of whom lacked training and others were merely silent.

On the whole, they were inspiring. They had evidently been thinking and they had not stopped the process. Their difficulty was mainly the difficulty of all youth. Inspired and swept on by its vision, it does not know or rightly interpret the past and is apt to be too hurried carefully to study the present. For instance, one earnest young man told of the need of a Negro lobby in Washington and how certain persons were going to start one. The officials of the N.A.A.C.P. promptly told of the lobby which had been sustained there for five or more years; and the real solution of this apparent contradiction was: How efficient was the former lobby? Why was it not continued? And how far was the present proposal learning from the mistakes and successes of the first venture?

Only by such linking of past, present and future can real national and group advance be made, and this, I think, the Amenia conference was conscious of before it adjourned.

Of course, the difficulty with age and youth is to find a common language; an attitude in which they can approach each other. It is hard for age to admit or understand that it has not thought of everything or attempted everything, or done what it has done as efficiently as it might have done. It is equally difficult for youth to know that age has thought of some of the various problems which bother youth; has tried and failed and succeeded and for reasons not explained altogether by either stupidity or cowardice. In attitude, youth with its tongue in its cheek assumes very often a silent reverence for age which it does not in the slightest feel. And age recognizes the mockery, and on the other hand, it is exceedingly difficult for age not to patronize youth, and to say by silences and inflections: "You really know very little." Which is of course true but applies but little more to youth than to age.

We talked from Friday to Monday, interspersed with swimming and glorious food. Our general thesis was:

> In view of the present world depression and the race problems which have exhibited themselves in Germany, India and Africa, the West Indies and the United States, what should be the ultimate goal of a young, educated American Negro with regard to:
>
> A. Occupation and Income
> B. Racial Organization
> C. Inter-Racial Co-operation

As a matter of fact most of the discussion confined itself to the economic conditions and the influence of education and politics on these conditions. There was little time left for the matter of racial organization, while the interracial aspects of the problem received practically no attention.

The discussion was interesting. There was not a single speech made; that is, there was no attempt at rounded periods and eloquence by persons who had nothing in particular to say. No one even attempted it. When anyone got the floor, they really took hold of the thought and did something with it. And in the end, the general consensus of agreement was rather startling. Far greater than most of us had thought. These were the resolutions:

This conference was called to make a critical appraisal of the Negro's existing situation in American Society and to consider underlying principles for future action. Such criticism at this stage does not involve the offering of concrete program for any organization for administrative guidance.

There has been no attempt to disparage the *older type of leadership*. We appreciate their importance and contributions but we feel that in a period in which economic, political, and social values are rapidly shifting, and the very structure of organized society is being revamped, the leadership which is necessary is that which will integrate the special problems of the Negro within the larger issues facing the nation.

The primary problem is economic. Individual ownership expressing itself through the control and exploitation of natural resources and industrial machinery has failed in the past to equalize consumption with production.

As a result of which the whole system of private property and private profit is being called into question. The government is being forced to attempt an economic reorganization based upon a "copartnership" between capital, labor and government itself. The government is attempting to augment consumptive power by increasing wages, shortening hours and controlling the labor and commodity markets. As a consumer the Negro has always had a low purchasing power as a result of his low wages coming from his inferior and restricted position in the labor market. If the government program fails to make full and equal provision for the Negro, it cannot be effective in restoring economic stability.

In the past there has been a greater *exploitation of Negro labor* than of any other section of the working class, manifesting itself particularly in lower wages, longer hours, excessive use of child labor and a higher proportion of women at work. Heretofore there has been slight recognition by Negro labor or Negro leaders of the significance of this exploitation in the economic order. Consequently no technique or philosophy has

been developed to change the historic status of Negro labor. Hence in the present governmental set-up there is grave danger that this historic status will be perpetuated. As a result the lower wages on the one hand will reduce the purchasing power of Negro labor and on the other be a constant threat to the standards and security of white labor.

The question then arises how far *existing agencies* working among and for Negroes are theoretically and structurally prepared to cope with this situation. It is the opinion of the conference that the welfare of white and black labor are one and inseparable and that the existing agencies working among and for Negroes have conspicuously failed in facing a necessary alignment between black and white labor.

It is impossible to make any permanent improvement in the status and the security of white labor without making an identical improvement in the status and the security of Negro labor.

The Negro worker must be made conscious of his relation to white labor and the white worker must be made conscious that the purposes of labor, immediate or ultimate cannot be achieved, without full participation by the Negro worker.

The traditional labor movement as based upon craft autonomy and separatism which is non-political in outlook and centering its attention upon the control of jobs and wages for the minority of skilled white workers is an ineffective agency for aligning white and black labor for the larger labor objectives.

These objectives can only be attained through a new labor movement. This movement must direct its immediate attention to the organizing of the great mass of workers both skilled and unskilled, white and black. Its activities must be political as well as economic for the purpose of effecting such social legislation as old age pensions, unemployment insurance, child and female labor, etc. These social reforms may go to the extent of change in the form of Government itself. The Conference sees three possibilities:

(1) Fascism
(2) Communism
(3) Reformed Democracy.

The conference is opposed to *Fascism* because it would crystalize the Negro's position at the bottom of the social structure. *Communism* is impossible without a fundamental transformation in the psychology and the attitude of white workers on the race question and a change in the Negro's conception of himself as a worker. A *democracy* that is attempting to reform itself is a fact which has to be reckoned with. In the process of reform the interests of the Negro cannot be adequately safeguarded by white paternalism in government. It is absolutely indispensable that in this attempt of the government to control agriculture and industry, there be adequate Negro representations on all boards and fields staffs.

While the accomplishment of these aims cannot be achieved except through the cooperation of white and black, the primary responsibility for the initiation development and execution of this program rests upon the Negro himself. This is predicated upon the increased *economic independence* of the Negro. No matter what artificial class difference may seem to exist within the Negro group it must be recognized that all elements of the Race must weld themselves together for the common welfare. This point of view must be indoctrinated through the churches, educational institutions and other agencies working in behalf of the Negro. The first steps toward the rapprochement between the educated Negro and the Negro mass must be taken by the educated Negro himself. The Finding Committee recommends that the practical implications of this program be referred to a committee on continuation to be appointed at this conference.

There were some little sidelights that are of interest. First and foremost, I discovered that these young people could not sing. It was astonishing. It would be impossible to get thirty young Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Haitians or Chinese together, who could not and would not sing enthusiastically songs that they all knew. But we did not know any songs and we could not sing them. We could not even try. We were too sophisticated. We had heard Hayes and Marian Anderson, not to mention the Metropolitan Opera, and we were dumb in both senses of the word.

In addition to that there was on the part of a few a certain, not unexpected, but nevertheless startling lack of self-discipline. It has always been interesting to me to see how young people in many countries organized their government and discipline and enforce it with a certain ruthlessness. But here out of twenty-six, five did as they pleased with regard to noise, sleep and enjoyment with utter disregard of the perfectly evident desires of the rest, and to cap the climax, the rest uttered no protest. I have seen evidence of this sort of thing among young colored people elsewhere. It is for us and the race a new and pressing problem.

Perhaps the second Amenia conference will not be as epoch-making as the first, but on the other hand, it is just as possible that it will be more significant for the future than any conference which colored people have yet held. That depends entirely upon what reactions follow this meeting.

This sketch of the conference cannot close without reference to the hospitality of the host, Joel E. Spingarn, and the thoughtful co-operation of his wife, his two daughters and his two sons. It was withal a very beautiful experience.

It Might Have Happened in Alabama

A One Act Play Based on the Scottsboro Trial

By S. RALPH HARLOW

Time: Good Friday, 1933.

Place: The entire act takes place in the study of the judge.

(As the curtain rises the judge is seen sitting before an open fire in his study. From a radio, in the corner of the room, the majestic music of *The Crucifixion* is flooding the air. The music grows fainter and the voice of the announcer breaks in.)

Announcer: This is station NBC broadcasting from Birmingham. The Dixie Players will now present a Good Friday play. The title of this play is *The Tragedy of Pilate.* The cast is made up of young people from the Christian Endeavor Societies of the churches of Decatur County.

Another voice: Friends of the radio audience. Before we present this Good Friday play we are asking Rev. Dr. Goodman, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church to offer a word of prayer.

Dr. Goodman: Let us all unite in prayer. Oh Merciful God, we bow in utter humility before Thee on this holy day. For us and for our sins Thy Son did offer up his life. Make us, we pray Thee, worthy of so great a sacrifice. Help us to be more loving, more kind, because of his great love and suffering for us. When was such mercy shown poor sinners as was shown upon his cross? When did bigotry and hatred seem more ugly than when they cried out for the blood of the Son of God? Grant that we may keep ourselves unspotted from the sins that nailed Jesus to the cross. We rejoice that we have been called to follow Him whom not having seen we have loved.

Grant that the message of these scenes, and the words of these young people may revive in us a sense of high loyalty to the purpose for which Christ died. Amen and amen.

THE PLAY BEGINS

(The roar of a mob is heard and the clank of Roman swords. Above the cries of the mob rises the clear, strong voice of Pilate.)

Pilate: Bring in the prisoner, and tell that mob that if they show any inclination to take the law into their own hands I'll order the soldiers to run them through with their short-swords. I'm in command here.

(The judge starts, rises from his seat and faces the radio.)

Pilate: I know that mob, I know full well their narrow prejudice, their flaming bigotry. For this they have delivered up this man to death. I know full well that he is innocent. Have I not had him here before me? Did I not send him to Herod. I did not want this case. It has been thrust upon me. I seek justice. Have I not pledged my word to uphold the law, to support justice through the courts? Oh, what fate is mine that I should come on such a day as this. But I am a Roman and I must see this matter out.

(The judge walks quickly to the radio and tunes out.)

The Judge: (Speaking to himself with tense voice) And must I have this added to my tortured mind? Have I not faced enough these days that this should be brought upon me? Pilate! Ah Pilate, I never knew what you endured until this bitter hour came upon me. *What am I saying?* These illiterate nigger boys are not the Christ. Had I stood in Pilate's place they could have torn me limb from limb ere I would give my Lord to that mob and to its frenzied will.

(Restlessly he opens the Bible. Reads at random and starts back, dropping the book on the table and raising his hands before his face.)

The Judge: (In great agony) Oh, not those words, not those *today*.

(Cries out the words as though driven by some inner force) *"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me."*

Oh Christ, not unto Thee, not unto *Thee*. Have I not sought justice! Did I not plead with that jury to put away their prejudice, their narrow thoughts on race and color? Did I not beg of them to ignore the bitter, bigoted attack of that prosecutor? The boy, sitting there with that rabbit's foot in one hand, a horse-shoe in the other, he is not the brother of the Christ. He did not mean such as that nigger when He said *"the least of these my brethren." Or did He?*

I sent the enclosed to —— —— of the Christian ——. He wrote that it was "tremendous" but did not think that I was "fair" to the Judge. I feel that I have been more than fair. A lot of us white people have a psychology which is much like that of backers of a "small college" when it plays a "big college." We don't expect to "win" but if any one on our team makes a touchdown we go wild. In the Williams gym is a huge cup, called the Yale cup. It is the largest cup in the trophy room. One thinks that it must have been won in some great victory. On the cup are the figures: Yale 27; Williams, 5! It seems that in a certain game a loyal Williams' alumnus promised the team a huge cup if they would "score" on Yale. Well they did "score". So, when a Southern white is involved, we shout to high heaven if he will only "score"; we never expect him to "win the game." It seems to me that Judge Horton did "score" but that he hardly should be given credit for any great victory, either in the realm of law or of ethics, to say nothing of any "moral victory." At least he should have broken in several times and denounced the tirades delivered before his bench in this trial; on two counts he could have called the trial off and his words of final praise to the jury after their wretched verdict washed out for me all he did to preserve order in the court room, order at the point of sharp steel.

While the tragic events of the Passion Week in the Decatur Court Room are in the background, I do not limit the act to any one judge or any one trial. Any court in any county of Alabama, where Negro boys might be on trial for their lives on such charges, would be the basis for such a scene. It is a system, rather than any one individual I have in mind. All we like sheep have gone astray.

(Walks with nervous steps to the radio and tunes in again. A woman's voice comes over the air)

Woman's Voice: I tell ye, have nothing to do with that man. Oh Pilate, I have suffered much because of him this night in a dream.

(The radio fades away for a few moments. A knock is heard at the door of the study. A sweet-faced woman is standing there. She is the judge's wife.)

The Judge's Wife: My dear I know how you must be suffering. Believe me when I say that I have suffered much in this case. In memory I have dreamed again of the days of our courtship. Do you remember how you told me of your purpose to stand for justice and equality for all before the courts of the nation? May I share with you part of a letter from my college chum in New York. I pray that somehow you may find the light in this dark hour. Helen's letter may help you.

The Judge: Yes, Mary, read on.

The Judge's Wife: (reading) "We have rejoiced, Mary, as we have followed in the *Times* the story of your husband's strong and fine words in this trial. At a distance it is probably easier for us to see this in its true light than for you who are in the midst of the emotion which I know abounds there in Alabama. Your husband and the chief justice stand out as light in the midst of darkness in this case. Having spent those two winters with you in your home I know something of the difficulty you and he must face. What great courage it takes today to stand for justice there in Alabama. For surely none of us who have followed this case has any doubt but that these boys are innocent of the crime with which they have been charged. It was wonderful that Dr. Fosdick was able to get that poor girl to go back and tell the truth. It must have taken great courage for her to stand in that court-room and tell that crowded room that her first story was a lie and that the case was a frame-up. And if it has been possible for a girl such as she is known to be to take such a stand, surely intelligent and Christian men and women in the state will not fear to do as much for justice and for mercy. We are looking to the educated leadership of the South to rise in protest against a terrible and cruel tragedy. What I am wondering is what the judge will do if the jury, farmers and small-townsmen as the paper reports them to be, under the sway of a prejudiced prosecutor, bring in a verdict of guilty. Can he possibly be a party to sending to death a boy whom he must know has been delivered up because of prejudice and race hatred? Surely he cannot wash his hands as Pilate—"

The Judge: (raises his hand, and, with a great cry, calls) Stop. I cannot

hear more. Leave me alone. Oh God, why must I hear this?

(His wife crosses to his side, kisses him tenderly and leaves the room. The radio voices grow louder once more. Pilate is speaking.)

Pilate: Behold the man. I have had him scourged, look on his face. Can you not see the blood, do not the thorns move you! Shall I release him?

(The cries of a mob grow more insistent.)

Mob: Away with him, crucify him.

(One strong voice rises above the rest.)

Voice: Pilate, if ye do not grant us our desire ye shall lose thy post.

(The judge quickly tunes off the radio and walks back and forth with bowed head.)

The Judge: (Speaking rapidly to himself) The very words, *the very words.* Let this nigger go and you'll lose your judgeship and all hope of future leadership in this State. Side with these damn yankees and let that Jew money influence you and you'll be done for. Strange, strange, then Jewish leaders were crying for blood, now a Jew stands in my court and pleads with us Christians for mercy and for justice to the oppressed. *What is this I am saying?* Downtrodden! What accusation do I bring against my proud State. Oh Alabama, what may I do to preserve your fair name from the scorn of thinking men? Are you grown blind and deaf to the rising protest of all just men everywhere outside the limits where race prejudice holds men in its cruel sway?

(Once more he turns to the radio and tunes in as though unable to evade its message. Pilate is speaking.)

Pilate: Bring water. I at least, will have nothing to do with the blood of this innocent man. See ye to it. (A great roar of exultation and frenzy is heard from the mob demanding Jesus' life.)

(The sound of hands being washed in water comes clearly into the room. A voice, strange and emotional rings out.)

Pilate: Take him now and crucify him. I am free of his blood. (A shout of triumph goes up from the mob.)

(Again the radio fades away as the judge paces the floor back and forth, back and forth.)

The Judge: God what a place to be in on such a day as this. I did not want this trial. I begged Judge Herriod to take it in his county, but he sent the case back to me. We had not been good friends, he and I. He has even called me "nigger lover" because of my stand for justice irrespective of race or color. But his letter shows that he is reconciled. I wonder, did he know in what a strait I would be placed, and does he rejoice that even he does not have to carry this load of responsibility?

The Judge: (Begins talking to himself again) Those wounds, those scars made by the thorns and the scourging. Why, oh why do those other wounds rise before my eyes? Was it necessary for the soldiers to prod that boy with their bayonets? I saw the blood through his shirt; the lines of pain around the corners of his mouth, the sweat of agony on his brow, and the dull terror in his eyes. There he sat, trusting to a rabbit's foot and a horseshoe to bring him justice and some luck. No strong abiding sense of God for him. He is no Christ, and yet, those words, *those words,* "the least of these my brethren." If ever there were the "least of these" surely these nigger boys are such.

(Again the judge opens his Bible and begins to read aloud.) *"And their witnesses could not agree and disputed among themselves."*

(Shuts the book and exclaims as in pain.) What likeness, what tragic likeness to my court. That prostitute, she dared to tell the truth. *I know she told the truth.* In the face of the other was hatred and malice, but not in hers, only a great desire to get rid of a burden. And that boy, that white boy, he told the truth. Their story clashed with only one, that other prostitute. I saw so plainly that she was moved by prejudice and hate; the others by an inner light. Ah God, are we who are educated, calling ourselves "Christians," are we less than the prostitute and the poor white? Do I dare as much as they? Does the governor; do our justices? Will these poor whites go into the kingdom of God ahead of *us? I wonder.* Dare I tell to all the world that I, the judge, know that for malice these boys have been delivered up, for race and sectional prejudice, for foolish and stupid pride, through ignorance and blindness? *Dare I proclaim this?* It would ruin my career. All these years I have worked hard to establish a good reputation among my fellows, to secure their confidence. But there is the chief justice. *He dared.* He stood *alone.* To what low words have I been forced to listen from even able men cursing him because he dared to follow his conscience. Would that I had his strong courage. Such men might save Alabama.

(The voices on the radio begin to grow stronger again. A terrible cry fills the room. It is the voice of Jesus from the cross.)

Jesus: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

(The judge quickly turns off the radio and wrings his hands in great mental distress.)

The Judge: Ah, but I know. *I know. The governor knows.* What excuse have we? The jury, they are ignorant. That attorney with his wild words and narrow bigotry, he may not know, the mob, crying for blood, they do not know, but oh I know, *I know.* What forgiveness is there for me, what excuse for me! I know, even as Pilate knew. And that last scene in the courtroom. How quiet the Sabbath morning. So few in court and we had looked for a crowd. They told me that the churches of the town were filled to capacity. It was Holy Communion.

(He opens his Bible and reads) *"And it was the Sabbath and they would not come into the court, that they might not be defiled, but might eat the passover."*

Christians, who calls us Christians? What was that I read last week in that old Latin book by Pontius? (Picks up another book) Here it is. (Turns the leaves and then reads) "An immense crowd filled the praetorium, brought hither by the thirst for vengeance, partly by the desire of witnessing a grand spectacle. While the wrath of the populace was roaring against him and while death-cries were rising from the surging masses of the crowd, he had consolation of being surrounded by all the Christians of the city, who had hastened to the spot to sustain him by their sympathy and their prayers." Yes, that was in the first century. Where are the Christians in the hour of these black boys' dire need? What help to me are the good churchmen of Alabama? One did write me, a fine old minister. He wrote that he had sent an appeal to all his fellow ministers in the state and that *not one replied,* save some few colored pastors who begged that he should not reveal their names for fear of mob action against them. Perhaps Shaw was right in that play of his I read describing the trial of St. Joan. "God is alone." How alone He must feel in Alabama tonight.

And now they demand that I join hands with them and become a partaker of their guilt, their hatred and their ignorance. I who have so long prided myself on my sense of justice and my freedom from the prejudice of my kind, at least when I sat in judgment at the bar. Now must I pronounce sentence on an innocent man, sending him to cruel death.

(A bell rings. The voice of his wife is heard at the door.)

The Judge's Wife: Come, dinner is ready, you can wash your hands downstairs.

(The judge bows his head and walks slowly and sadly from the room.)

Curtain.

The Negro Before the Courts During 1932

By HARRY H. JONES, West Virginia Bar

This installment concludes the article begun in the September CRISIS.

IN State v. Lewis, the defendant was indicted and convicted of murder. He claimed that seventeen days after being placed in jail, he was repeatedly told by deputy sheriffs he must confess, and that upon his refusal to do so, the officers stripped and beat him. He then made and signed the confession. His testimony on this point was disputed and the trial judge submitted the question of whether Lewis confessed voluntarily to the jury. His conviction was affirmed. This decision follows the rule laid down in Wilson v. United States, 162 U. S. 613 (1896), where it was held that when there is a conflict in testimony as to whether a confession or admission is voluntary or not, the trial judge may submit the issue to the jury, after he decides to admit the confession.

In State v. Jones, Jones, a Negro boy between eighteen and nineteen years old, was indicted and convicted of murder. He made a confession of guilt while under arrest. He contended that it was involuntary and inadmissible. His conviction too, was affirmed. In Bram v. United States, 168 U. S. 532, the Supreme Court held that if a confession is shown to have been voluntarily made, it is not rendered inadmissible by the fact that the accused was under arrest or in custody at the time.

A brief analysis of the possible results and lessons from these cases perhaps, would be worthwhile. The Texas Primary Cases seemingly indicate a growing persistence among Negroes. Since 1930, Texas Negroes have been in State and Federal Courts eight times, contesting the right and practice of the Democratic Party to exclude them from the ballot box. Evidently, there is an organized effort by Texas Negroes to assert and exercise the privilege of suffrage. If they win, their example will probably be followed by other Negroes in the South. Perhaps, this may sound the death knell to the "rotten boroughs" of the South. Downer's case deserves some mentioning. Unless he had raised a "Federal Question" and carried his fight to the Circuit Court of Appeals, he would probably now be wearing a rapist's badge in six feet of earth. In this and other cases, speedy trial has meant "trying the culprit hurriedly and thus beat the mob." But now that our Federal Courts have held that it is possible to have a speedy trial and yet it not be a fair one as required under due process, our Southern law machinery in this particular will be timed to secure substantial justice. In the "Scottsboro Case" it is well to note that the crime charged belonged to what is known as "stock crimes." Others to be mentioned are arson, robbery, etc. Generally speaking, such crimes come within the jurisdiction of the States. Most Negroes charged with felonies or capital offenses, are usually indicted for crimes listed above. It means much to have the United States Supreme Court to declare that every step of the process in our criminal procedure shall assure equal and exact justice to all who reside under the laws of a particular State. In Lee's case, the issue has found a rebound in the "Crawford Case." To shake down a custom that has been in vogue for a quarter of a century is a great feat in any kind of a law proceeding. Whether the connection or logical result between these two cases are as close as many would have us to believe is questionable. However, there has been a psychological reaction favorable to Negroes since Lee's conviction was reversed. At any rate, Virginia and Tennessee have decided to take no further chances on leaving Negroes off jury service, and in two instances, both States have placed colored men in the panel for the first time. The "third degree" cases present no new problem—not even a racial problem as such, for the Wickersham Commission under President Hoover discovered 106 cases decided by appellate courts in which the "third degree" was charged since 1920. Of this number, nineteen were colored. Police brutality is not race problem, it is a national one, although its hardship upon colored people is manifested chiefly in the South, where we find most of the handicaps suffered by our colored minority.

Two points should be weighed by Negroes now. First, the Supreme Court as a whole, today is more fairly disposed toward colored people than at any time in its history. Several of its members will soon reach the age of retirement. As far as possible, every opportunity should be asserted to have the present personnel of that court to pass upon pressing matters of a civil nature. What is true of the Supreme Court is true of our State Courts. For in the latter courts, there is a spirit abroad to assure the Nation as a whole that the courts will give the Negro "a square or new deal." Judges are human and ambitious. Those who aspire to appointment on the Federal Judiciary remember the colorful and vigorous fights made on Parker and Hughes. Moreover, judges have pride. A reversal for a judge is a slap in the face—a black mark on his record. If you think I am wrong, watch Alabama in the second "Scottsboro Case." Finally, the time is ripe for colored people to collect a Defense Fund. It is needed right now. The race should be willing to pay for its freedom and protection. Organizations such as the N. A. A. C. P. have wrought well in pounding the lines of race foes in and out of court on marginal funds. With all the criticism made against it, in regard to civil rights, the Negro owes more to this militant body than to any other. And the court achievements of the race today are largely due to the intelligent program and persistent battle that organization has been waging for nearly a quarter of a century. A grateful and just group will remember such a record in a sacrificing and tangible way.

Idyll

By PAUL A. WREN

O LOVING mother, dead and long forgotten
Under the salt analysis of earth,
Look to it, with what eyes you have, how bitten
By flies we are, how yolked, how brought to birth
By memories that will not coincide,
Yet lay them, boy and girl, down side by side.

Look to it, with what eyes you have, how surely
Our seed foregrows its own catastrophe,
How April ruts in the branches, how demurely
November simpers on the corpse of May.
Look to it, mother, look to it! You at least
Have had an onion of the wedding feast.

I am that edible. I am your essence
Given to a tongue whose taste has lost its teeth.
I am the dozen stations of your dolor,
Yet have of you no word, no wind to breathe,
No cup to catch the past against the now
In this brief twilight while the memories flow.

Turn to me once again. I can repeat
Now what the Jew cried ten feet over earth.
Let sons learn from their loveless mothers how
These are the nails that penetrate, and these
The breathings of the bloodless mind between
The holy breathlessness of thorn and tree.

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

AMERICA

Radio Station W2ESK

In New York City a group of forty-three Negro licensed amateur radio operators form the Harlem Radio Club, whose station is a unit of the American Radio Relay League holding the permit to send and receive messages and to broadcast special league news of interest to amateurs. The club's station call is W2ESK and on the walls of the club room are official Morse station post cards from Spain, Portugal, Poland, Germany, Austria, Russia, Algeria and Africa. Morse International code signals are sent and received over a 40-meter crystal control set, with a frequency of 7110 kilocycles. The members of the club are all youths who have passed government examinations to handle messages in Morse International code and each has been assigned a station call for his use.

Negro Principals

Recent action of the Richmond, Virginia, public school board provides for the appointment of five colored principals this September. In Richmond the system has been to have white principals head Negro staffs. John L. Nixon and Miss Ethel Thompson have been appointed as full principals. Oscar A. Morton will be acting principal and Miss Mary Scott and Miss Lillian L. Peters will be assistant principals. The Colored Democratic League of the city has been waging a progressive campaign to secure civic positions for Negro citizens.

Health Broadcasts

Over station WMSG the Harlem Health Center is broadcasting a series of lectures every Wednesday at 2:45 p. m. until October 25. Scheduled to speak are Dr. Oma H. Price, "Examination Questions for Housewives;" Dr. Arthur Blau, "The Role of the Internal Glands;" Dr. Charles Petioni, "Symptoms—the Patient's Viewpoint and the Doctor's" and Dr. Blau, "The Much Talked of Vitamins."

West Point and Negroes

Charles Y. Thomas of San Antonio, Texas, will take the entrance examinations to West Point Military Academy next March. Under law requiring the designation for examination of sons of regular army officers or enlisted men who desire examinations, President Roosevelt designated young Thomas for appointment. The young man, a student at Prairie View College, is the son of a master sergeant in the finance department of the regular army and is stationed at Fort Huachuca. Benjamin O. Davis, Jr., of Tuskegee is the only Negro student at present at West Point.

Educational Conference

Educational and social leaders, graduate and undergraduate students attended the thirteenth annual Teachers' and Students' educational conference at the West 135th Street Y.M.C.A., Manhattan. At a two day session, the theme "Social Trends Challenge Negro Education" introduced by the chairman, Ira De A. Reid, was discussed. The speaker bringing the most earnestness to the conference was Miss Marion Cuthbert, national secretary of the Y.W.C.A. Students and leaders, with the exception of a few, offered little serious discussion. Dr. Abraham L. Harris of Howard University, spoke on "Our Changing Economic Status," Dr. Willis N. Huggins was Secretary of the Conference and a pleasant musical program was arranged.

Mrs. Marie L. Arthur, prize winner in the Denver N.A.A.C.P. membership campaign

Southern Opinion

Under title of "The Answer Seems to Be 'No'," *The News and Observer*, Raleigh, North Carolina, speaks editorially: "Yesterday *The News and Observer* expressed the belief that in a new case in Alabama involving a charge of assault and murder alleged to have been committed by Negroes on a white woman the State was showing that it had acquired wisdom from the generally unfavorable criticism of Alabama justice which followed the convictions in the famous Scottsboro cases.

The News and Observer spoke too quickly. While that editorial was being printed mobs of angry men were seeking to secure and lynch two Northern lawyers and an Alabama lawyer who had gone to Tuscaloosa to appear for the Negroes.

It has been many years now since the South was incensed by Henry Cabot Lodge's description of it as 'shotgun civilization,' but such ferocious prejudice as Alabama displays will convince many that there remains at least a modicum of truth in his harsh charge.

In the Scottsboro case a world-wide indignation is making it more and more probable that justice will be secured for the Negro defendants in spite of Alabama juries but whoever hopes that justice can be secured in this new case, with a national guard equal only by chance and ingenuity to the mob around the courthouse, is hopeful indeed."

Applied Science

Professor L. K. Downing, Acting Dean of the College of Applied Science, Howard University advises students of Applied Science that under the Public Works Administration of the National Recovery Act, not less than $400,000,000 are to be expended for highways; $25,000,000 for making loans for and otherwise aiding in the purchase of homesteads, dams, water power, flood control, sewage systems, water supply projects, etc. Architects and engineers will play a large part in the construction program and students are urged to enter upon courses in Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, or Architecture.

Prize Gardener

A seventy year old gardener, Mrs. Sallie Grogan receives the honor of having the best garden in the Douglass subdivision of Memphis, Tennessee. In the annual garden contest sponsored by the W. J. Curry and Sons Real Estate Firm, Mrs. Grogan's garden was valued at $55.00. She raised lettuce, peas of three varieties, tomatoes, shellots, onions, collards, cabbage, cucumbers, sherkins, pumpkins, carrots, beets, sweet potatoes, pepper, okra, corn of two varieties, tobacco, butter beans, watermelons, canteloupes and muskmelons. On one-seventh of an acre of land, Mrs. Grogan raised enough produce to enable her and one other member of her family to live within a food budget of $11.35 since March 30, 1933. Beautification of homes and yards was stressed as part of the garden contest and cultivated flower gardens were also awarded prizes. 978 gardens were judged in Douglass and neighboring subdivisions of North Memphis.

Educators and Workers

In a letter to Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, Dr. James E. Sheperd, president of the North Carolina College for Negroes, asked that there be no discrimination against Negroes in the application of the NRA code. In part, Dr. Shepherd said: "The schools have taken their general cut in operating expenses, but in no department of education have there been such radical and rigorous economies as those visited upon our Negro teachers. The preparation and equipment for teaching, the standards and the character of the teachers must be as high as they are among the whites, but the compensation falls below level. In all conscience this is bad enough, but it could be worse if our hard-worked janitors and housekeepers should be further penalized by being denied the protection of this code."

Embalming Method

At the annual convention of the Independent National Funeral Directors' Association in Chicago, Mr. Isaac Leevy Murray of Jersey City, N. J., delivered a lecture and demonstrated methods of embalming. Mr. Murray is an instructor in embalming at the New York School of Embalming and Restorative Art, a white institution.

SCHOOLS

Morris Brown College

In March, the General Education Board gave Morris Brown College a grant of $20,000 on the condition that the A. M. E. Church raise during this year $30,000. At a three day convention in the State of Georgia, Bishop William A. Fountain, chairman of the board of trustees of the College, reported the money raised and the budgeted indebtedness of Morris Brown College met.

New Tennessee Buildings

Arrangements for the immediate construction of a new building on the campus of the Tennessee, A. and I. State College have been completed. The structure is to house an auditorium, gymnasium, swimming pool and administration offices. The State College, situated in Nashville, has at present a well equipped plant. In February, the institution was admitted into the American Association of Teachers' Colleges.

Bishop College Awards

Scholarship awards amounting to nearly $5,000 have been granted twenty-five ranking upper classmen and freshmen at Bishop College, Marshall, Texas. Scholarships awarded freshmen will last for the four years of baccalaureate work and were made to exceptional high school graduates most of whom were residents of Texas.

Scholarships at Howard

Fifty tuition scholarships to Howard University have been awarded to students in the undergraduate departments of the University. The tuition scholarships were made to students whose scholarship average was above "B" for the last year. In addition 17 scholarships were awarded students entering the freshman class.

Textbooks in Southern Schools

A conference representing the State departments of education of all the Southern States met at George Peabody College in Nashville and unanimously adopted the resolution that "a textbook giving a faithful account of the contribution of the American Negro to the life of our country" be prepared and studied in all of the public schools of the Southern States. It was recommended that each state department of education make a careful study of the treatment of the Negro and of interracial questions in its public school books and make such eliminations and additions as will establish intelligent, honest and fair minded attitudes on the part of teachers and students.

Dean of Samuel Huston College

The Reverend Dr. M. L. Harris of Cleveland, Ohio, has been elected professor of social science and acting dean of Samuel Huston College, Austin, Texas. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon Mr. Harris in June, at Ohio State University.

Jungle scene in "The Emperor Jones" showing at the Rivoli Theatre, New York City. *See page 223*

Student Post

In celebration of National Poetry week, Harvey Williamson of Cleveland, recently elected member of the Ohio Poetry Society, read his poems at the historic Euclid Baptist Church. Mr. Williamson was winner of a city-wide poetry contest in 1932 and has received the yearly prize offered by "Skyline" for the best prose published by a student of a Cleveland College.

SPORTS

Tennis at Hampton

Visitors from all the eastern states, California and the Bahamas watched Reginal Weir of New York City and Ora Washington of Philadelphia fight to retain their singles tennis crowns at the Hampton tournaments of the American Tennis Association. Miss Washington, in the final matches, dropped a love set to Frances Gittens of New York, but captured the next two sets and kept her title. This was Miss Washington's seventh championship with a final score of 0-6; 6-3; 6-0.

Reggie Weir defended his title against Nathaniel Jackson, intercollegiate champion and Tuskegee star with a final score of 9-7; 6-3; 6-0. In the veteran's singles John F. N. Wilkinson of Washington won over Dr. C. W. Furlonge of North Carolina. The Jackson brothers, Nathaniel and Franklyn, won the man's doubles and Ora Washington and her partner Anita Grant of Washington took an easy victory in the women's doubles. Mrs. Emma Leonard of New York and her partner, Dr. Clarence O. Hilton of New Jersey took the honors of the mixed double teams and a sixteen-year-old lad, Hubert Eaton of North Carolina won the junior singles title.

In 1934, the Pennsylvania Tennis Association will be host to the National Tennis Association and the championships will be held at Lincoln University.

Bridge at Buckroe Beach

In the ballroom of the Bay Shore Hotel, Buckroe Beach, the first annual tournament sponsored by the American Bridge Association was held during the week of the National Tennis Tournament. Dr. Henry McCard and his partner Dallas F. Nicholas of Baltimore won the championship silver cups at contract; Mrs. Gwen Higginbotham and Dr. J. C. Kingslow of Bluefield, W. Va., were pair winners at auction bridge, and Mesdames L. C. Collins and Eva B. Smith of New York City were champions at the women's pair contract bridge.

Canadian National Exhibition

Jesse Owens, sports star of Cleveland, won the 100-yard dash at the meet of the Canadian National Exhibition. In the excellent time of 9.7 seconds, Owens won over Bill Christie, white Toronto champion. Phil Edwards, colored, also ran in the Exhibition.

ART

Singing in Hollywood

A large audience in the amphitheatre of the Hollywood Bowl listened appreciatively to a concert with Roland Hayes as soloist. Mr. Hayes sang "Flight into Egypt," "By'n Bye," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," and "Can't Meet Him."

"Voodoo"

"Voodoo," operatic composition of H. Lawrence Freeman has been purchased by Paramount to be used as a stage presentation in a condensed version. The work, which Mr. Freeman presented with an amateur cast three years ago in the 52nd Street Music Hall, New York City, concerns the voodoo rites practised by slaves on old Louisiana plantations.

Southern Songfest

In the deep south, before a large mixed audience of persons from Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, the United Choirs of New Orleans held their annual songfest. At Gulfside, the choirs of 150 voices under the direction of Mrs. Marion Dozier Walker, sang 34 numbers, mainly Negro spirituals, and brought to a beautiful close the summer resort's activities. The Choirs that took part were the New Orleans University Male Chorus and the Rust College Choral Club.

Musical Scholarship

A grant of the General Education Board has been awarded Professor Fred Hall, director of music at Clark University, Morris Brown College and Gammon Theological Seminary, for a year's study of music in England and on the continent of Europe. Professor Hall will study at the Royal College of Music in London, make a special study of folk music in Wales and North England and attend the musical festivals being held this year in European capitals. In small communities Professor Hall will study folk music among the peasants.

Emperor Jones Premiere

"The Emperor Jones" opens it premiere with Paul Robeson and Fredi Washington in the leading roles at the Rivoli Theatre, New York City, the first week in October. Robeson will return from London to see the first night performance.

Stadium Concerts

Under the direction of Hall Johnson, members of his famous choir appeared twice in a program of Negro songs and spirituals at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York City. The program also included the concert of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

Amateur Theatre

Anthony J. Coelho, 17 year old colored East Providence youth, has conducted a small theatre for the past four years. Fitted up in a garage, the theatre's stage is large enough to produce a play with ten in cast. A screen, four by five feet, a projection room, made sound proof, and a small microphone make it possible to produce motion pictures. Coelho has been elected a member of the National Association of Amateur Theatre Owners and Producers and receives films from the Association. Neighborhood youngsters, entertain with vaudeville and plays; no admission is charged, and pictures are shown every Thursday and Friday.

MR. JAMES CROW

Training School

Last April L. O. Harper, teacher in the colored Hale County Training School, Greensboro, Alabama, circulated among his students petitions which demanded the release of the Scottsboro boys. Trustees of the school, the principal and the white county superintendent, E. L. Colebeck, reprimanded the teacher and ordered that

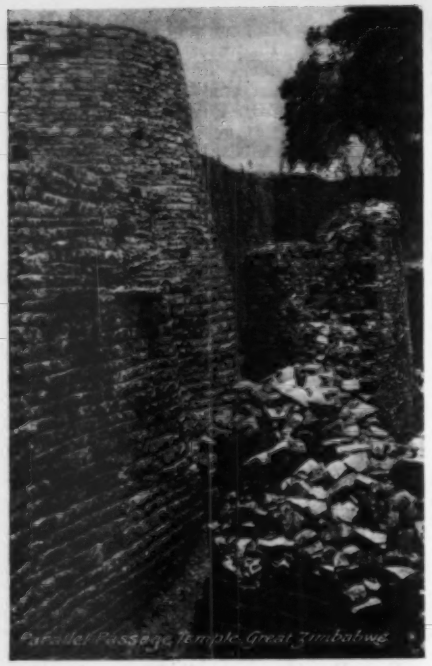
Marquis L. Harris
Ph.D.
Ohio State

Robert D. Brunson
M.S.
Cornell

Victor J. Tulane
Ph.D.
Michigan

Walter S. Davis
M.S.
Cornell

Robert P. Barnes
Ph.D.
Howard



The great Temple, Great Zimbabwe in Rhodesia. *See page 235*

he stop all activities on behalf of the Scottsboro victims. In addition notification was sent out that because of the matter, his services would not be acceptable on the teaching staff this fall.

Civilized Society

Register Charles A. MacIntyre was directed to issue a marriage license to William C. Frederick, white, and Carrie Elizabeth Brown, Negro, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. The court in directing that the Register issue license, gave him the following conciliatory opinion: "If we were to decide this case in what we believe to be the best interests of civilized society, this license would be refused." However, "until an act of assembly is passed in this state prohibiting inter-marriage of races, regardless of a judge's personal opinion, it is the duty to grant licenses to applicants though they are of different races."

Mississippi Judge

At a salary of $7,500 T. Webber Wilson, white Mississippian has been appointed as United States District Judge in the Virgin Islands. A recent murder at St. Croix, the first in many years, caused consternation among the people and is said to have created a problem because there was no judge to try the murderer.

Boycott of Bohack

Under the leadership of the National War Veterans' Association in Brooklyn a successful boycott of Bohack chain stores has resulted in the employment of Negro clerks in four stores patronized largely by Negroes. Housewives were urged by pickets to trade elsewhere until the Bohack management consented to confer with the Association. The ban on the stores lasted for three months.

AWARDS

To Dr. Victor J. Tulane of the University of Michigan, election to Sigma Xi, honorary science fraternity. Mr. Tulane was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Michigan in June.

To Miss Eva Hamlin, scholarship student and graduate of the Pratt Institute School of Applied Art, New York, appointment as director of the art department of Tuskegee Institute.

For high honors achieved at the Peabody High School, Chicago, the $1000 Donor Scholarship to Mary Octavia Wilson.

To Lloyd T. Barnes, junior at the Pennsylvania State College, a two-year senatorial scholarship. Mr. Barnes was among the ten best students of his class.

Gifts of appreciation for twenty years of service in the police department of Philadelphia, to Patrolman Ernest Wright. Patrolman Wright has made important arrests.

To Veria Marzell Shannon of St. Joseph, Mo., the Gay Northeasterners' scholarship covering tuition to Howard University.

Election to the presidency of the National Association of Colored Women to Dr. Mary Waring.

To Callie Louise Daniels, Texarkana, Arkansas, a $250 scholarship to complete the requirements for the bachelor of music degree, Bishop College.

To Samuel Countée, young painter of Houston, $200 scholarship, Bishop College.

To Mrs. Marie L. Arthur, first prize in the N.A.A.C.P. membership campaign in Denver, Colorado.

Promotion to the rank of Colonel, Organized Reserve, to Lieut. Col. West A. Hamilton of Washington, D. C., by the War Department.

DIED

Dr. John W. E. Bowen, Professor Emeritus of Gammon Theological Seminary who served that institution first as head of the department of history, for years as vice president, and finally as acting president.

Mrs. Nannie L. Plant, school teacher and civic worker of Texarkana, Texas, whose instruction and aid reached three generations of children in her community.

Dr. Lucy E. Moten for thirty-seven years principal of Miner Normal Teachers' College, Washington.

John Lorenzo Young, head of the history department of Lincoln High School, Kansas City and recently retired president of the local branch of the N.A.A.C.P.

Dr. C. A. Tindley, noted Methodist Episcopal minister of Philadelphia, Pa.

The White House coachman of Abraham Lincoln, John Henry Plummer, aged 105.

WEST INDIES

Wilberforce Centenary

West Indians throughout English speaking lands celebrated the centenary of the death of William Wilberforce, July 29. The memory of Wilberforce, who is honored as the liberator of West Indian slaves, was commemorated by church services in Trinidad and demonstrations in all of the British West Indies. In Grenada over 800 school children celebrated the Centenary. In America, the West Indian American Association held services in honor of the occasion.

Barbadian Seamen

The report of Commander W. R. M. Wynne, R. N., Harbour and Shipping Master of Barbados states that the Canadian National Steamships, which formerly

Thurlow Evans Tibbs, son of Lillian Evanti at camp in the Black Forest, Germany

Keystone

The Emir of Katsina and his two small grandsons in Hyde Park, London

engaged West Indian crews, have since February discharged these and due to unemployment in the Dominion hired Canadian crews. Only one of their passenger ships has retained its West Indian crew. In part ,the report states: "The outlook for Barbadian seamen during the coming year is black in the extreme and it is to be feared that little prospect of betterment can be held out to these men until conditions with regard to employment in Canada become normal. One cannot help but admire the admirable spirit of fortitude with which our seamen have accepted their dismissal." The seafaring community of Barbados was discouraged by unemployment once in 1930 when the Lamport and Holt Line withdrew from the Island.

AFRICA

Ancient Ruins

Recent discoveries in Africa by Commander Attilio Gatti and his companions bring to light ancients ruins which the explorers have called the "Virgin Acropolis." These ruins Commander Gatti believes, if systematically excavated, will point to the epoch in which the Great Zimbabwe arose. Zimbabwe is near the town of Victoria in Rhodesia. The greatest height of the wall still standing is 35 feet; its thickness varies from over sixteen feet to five feet. An elliptical building, built of huge blocks of stone of varying lengths, extends 292 feet in its greatest length and over 268 feet in breadth. Within the wall of this building is a solid conical stone tower, 36 feet high. The remains of stone buildings of such magnitude, a nearby system of irrigation against droughts, and the ruins of mines, attest the high development of these ancient black peoples in industry, building, and the cultivation of the soil.

Katsina

Alahaji Muhamman Dikko, Emir of Katsina and members of his family recently visited London and were entertained by the Royal Family. Katsina is the oldest of the Hausa cities in Northern Nigeria and has a reputation as an educational center. Under the control of the British Government since 1903, the Emir of the city still maintains power over local matters. Cotton is extensively cultivated throughout the region. The two grandsons of the Emir are to be educated in England.

BOOKS

The Negro Rural School Fund, Inc., 1907-1933. By Arthur D. Wright and Edward E. Ledcay.

This is a report of the founding and a quarter century of work by one of the foundations which help Negro education. We quote:

In about 1907 Miss Jeanes determined that, notwithstanding the apparent disinclination of her financial advisor and lawyer, Mr. Wharton, who subsequently founded the Wharton School of Economics, at the University of Pennsylvania, she would set aside a fund consisting of income-bearing securities for the furthering and fostering of "rudimentary education" in small Negro rural schools. She fixed the amount at a million dollars and stipulated that Mr. William Howard Taft, not yet inaugurated President of the United States, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, Dr. Booker T. Washington, Mr. George Foster Peabody, and any others they wished, should constitute a Board of Trustees.

Finally word came that she was ready to turn over the securities, and that she would like to have Dr. Frissell, Dr. Washington and Mr. Peabody receive them from her in person.

On the appointed day her counsellor told the three gentlemen that he had been with Miss Jeanes all of the morning while she was signing the papers, her hand being so lame and swollen that it was necessary to have numerous cushions on which to rest it in order to ease the efforts of writing. Mr. Peabody suggested that as she had never met him, it might be wiser and safer for only Dr. Frissell and Dr. Washington, with whom she was acquainted, to go to see her. "No, she wants particularly to see you," said her counsellor. So the three men presented themselves at the appointed time.

After having greeted them, Miss Jeanes turned to Dr. Frissell, saying "Dost thee remember that thee didst call upon me and that I gave thee a check?"

"Yes, well do I remember, Miss Jeanes, your fine generosity," said Dr. Frissell.

"And dost thee remember that I gave thee a like sum, Dr. Washington?" Dr. Washington assented in like manner.

"And dost thee remember that thee didst write me about making a gift to the General Education Board?" said Miss Jeanes to Mr. Peabody.

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Mr. Peabody, "and I am grateful for the privilege of sharing in this rich opportunity for service."

"Thee does not need to thank me. It is I who needs to thank thee,"—and with a flash of spirit she added—"and I didn't do it to save my soul from Hell, either!"

Thus came into existence the Negro Rural School Fund.

Postscript
by W. E. B. DuBois

AGAIN LIBERIA

EVERY pressure is being put on Liberia to make her sign away her sovereignty and put it into the keeping of the Firestone interests under a veil of secrecy so far as the United States is concerned. Recently, we are informed, both the United States and Great Britain united in a statement urging Liberia to sign the new contract and promising to recognize the Barclay government if she did so. In addition to this, Thomas Jesse Jones is in Liberia and a representative of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Thus every pressure, political, philanthropic and religious is being loaded on this poor little country in order to wipe it from the list of independent Negro governments. Is there no sense of justice or decency in the United States that can stop this effort? THE CRISIS has cabled the Secretary of State: "Do not yield!" Will you do the same and get your friends to join you.

THE CHURCH AND RELIGION

CRITICS of religion and of the church must distinguish rather carefully between the two. Religion is a theory of the ultimate constitution of the world, more particularly in its moral aspects, and as applied to questions of individual right and wrong. The church, on the other hand, is the organization which writes down and from time to time rewrites the exact religious belief which is prevalent and which carries out celebrations and methods of worship, particularly collects and spends money for its own organization and for certain religious and ethical objects.

Now in both these things there are certain facts that are naturally indisputable. The first is that science, organized human knowledge, does not pretend to give a complete answer to the riddle of the universe. It frankly acknowledges that there are a great many things that we do not know and perhaps never can know. The right of any person to go beyond this scientific position and say that they believe certain things to be true, even though they cannot prove them is undoubted. It may lead down to the petty superstition of avoiding black cats or it may lead up to the belief in a divine personal ruler of the universe. It may be criticized as dangerous to logic and mental integrity for a person to assume too much beyond what can be proven. But to this there is a valid answer in saying that all the time we are making certain assumptions; we are assuming that the world which we see and hear and touch is the real world. We are assuming that the sun will rise tomorrow as it did yesterday Life is largely and must be a series of assumptions. In so far as these assumptions are confirmed by the recurrent happenings of the world, we have a right to assume that they are approximately true. But we must even go beyond this. There is, for instance, faith in the triumph of good deeds; hope that the world will grow better; love of our relatives and our neighbors and of all humanity.

It would be difficult to adduce scientific proof that these hopes and faiths are justified, and still there is good reason for our assuming that they are and guiding our conduct accordingly.

Now as expositor and preserver of assumed truth, and faith in the good, comes the organized church. The church tries to systematize these assumptions and explain and act on them; to write down the creed with exactness and even to go so far as to enforce its belief upon recalcitrants. This, of course, becomes immediately a difficult and dangerous task. And most of the criticism aimed against religion is primarily a criticism of those organized churches which try to express religion. The church falls into all sorts of errors. It states as absolute truth one day that which it denies as truth the next day. If it were true in the 16th Century that unbaptised infants went to hell, how could it be also true in the 19th Century that they did not? If belief in miracles is declared essential to salvation in the 19th Century, what shall we say of the religion of people who today do not believe in sleight of hand, whether it is performed by Houdini or Jesus Christ?

Then, too, when the organized church exercised power, its role is always dangerous. Its arguments cannot be refuted by an appeal to truth because it is not founded on truth but on faith. And by the very basis of its logic its faith is not proveable. What now must be the attitude of a man who does not believe all a church teaches and who proposes to be free and untrammeled in mind, charitable toward his fellows, and who wants on the whole to do what is right; that is; to injure no other man by his actions and to guide his own character along safe and beautiful paths.

Manifestly such a man joins an organized church with difficulty, because the statement of truth made by the church must always lag behind the truth as it is actually known. That is, the creed of the church must necessarily be handed down from a previous generation. It must state what our fathers and grandfathers believed, and for that very reason it cannot easily state what we believe. It must emphasize things that seem trivial to us, no matter how important they were one thousand years ago. And for that reason there is alalways the endeavor on the part of the young and the thoughtful to lay less emphasis on creed and belief and more on ethics and action. But also and for equally evident reasons, the church continually attacks this attitude. Among Negroes especially today it is most natural for preachers to sneer at the man who is "merely" good and emphasize the transcendental value of the person who is too dumb to question any fairy-tale forced upon his belief.

Yet the young person who questions, who refuses to accept as truth all that he is told, is the salt of the earth and the hope of the future. And what the church must do, if it is going to retain the following of such persons is to remember that at best its creed is an unproven assumption of truth. This does not mean that it is absolutely wrong and in all probability it is not wholly wrong. But on the other hand, it does mean that it is both unwise and wicked to assert that the creed of a modern church is known to be an accurate statement of absolute truth. Moreover, there is grave, ethical and logical danger in not admitting this. An ethical danger because young people are often forced to subscribe to and say that they believe things which in the nature of the case they do not and cannot believe, and perhaps most of the muddle that faces us when we try to get people to think straight and reform industry and the state, arises from the cheap and false

logic which they have daily thrust upon them in their religious life and experience through the organized church.

With such fundamental facts clearly in mind, a young Negro ought not to be puzzled by his religious surroundings. He should see in the church an expression of that desire for full and ultimate truth; that desire for goodness and beauty, which is ingrained in every human being; and on the other hand, and just as clearly, he should frankly denounce all attempt on the part of any organized body of human beings when they declare that they know it all and that God has personally told them about it. That is a plain lie and they know it and everybody else ought to know it. We must have religion in the sense of a striving for the infinite, the ultimate and the best. But just as truly we must straitly curb the effort of any exclusive guild to be the single and final arbitrator of individual interpretation of desired and desirable truth.

N.R.A. AND APPOINTMENTS

IN the administration of the National Recovery Act, the Negroes in America have lately again been faced with disappointment. One of the most liberal members of President Roosevelt's cabinet is Harold Ickes. His sympathy with the colored people and their aspirations is proven by the fact that he was once an officer of the Chicago branch of the N.A.A.C.P. It is admitted that his administration of the Department of the Interior is one of the best ever inaugurated in recent times. It falls to Mr. Ickes to administer a part of the relief inaugurated by the President and Congress which is to re-establish industry in the United States and re-employ the idle.

One-tenth of our population is of Negro descent and they form at least one-eighth of the workers. Their interests demand attention. According to the fundamental theory of the American government, no person is well enough equipped with knowledge or character to be the sole mouthpiece for his neighbor. And, therefore, the interests of colored workers ought surely to be voiced by colored men. Because of the hateful color prejudice born in slavery, and deliberately perpetuated since, every time a problem of this sort arises some white man is chosen to speak for the Negroes. Sometimes, in the past, men who were the open enemies of the Negro race were made their mouthpieces. Later, "friends" of the Negro were chosen, the idea being that the Negro was too ignorant and inexperienced to speak for himself and either did not know what he wanted or should not have what he wanted. We are in this phase of the problem now.

A young man, Clark Foreman, connected with the Inter-racial Commission of Atlanta, Georgia, has been named by Mr. Ickes as his assistant to advise him on the best interests of the Negro worker, particularly in the South. And we learn on high authority that if Mr. Foreman had not been appointed some other white man would have received this place. Or in other words, that Mr. Ickes refused to let the interests of colored people be voiced by the colored man.

Mr. Foreman is an excellent young man of training and ability. We believe that other things being equal, he would give the best advice possible for the interests of the Negro race, so far as he understood those interests. But other things are not equal and in the nature of the case Mr. Foreman does not understand the difficulties of American Negroes, and it is an outrage that we again, through the efforts of some of our best friends, should be compelled to have our wants and aspirations interpreted by one who does not know them and our ideals and ambitions expressed by a person who cannot understand them.

HARRY POTAMKIN

THERE died recently in the charity ward of a New York Hospital, a young white man whose life is a comment on the present organization of industry and social life in the United States.

He was born in Russia and came of a distinguished family; but he believed almost fanatically in the present communist government. He became, and after his death, was acknowledged to be, the greatest authority in the United States if not in the world, on the art of the moving picture.

But because of his political beliefs and his interpretation of art in the light of these beliefs, he was permitted by a heartless world practically to starve to death. His few essays on the moving picture industry will remain the finest contribution to that branch of art criticism yet made. And yet our art critics must believe in the present organization of society or die. There is no adequate comment to be made upon this.

A LETTER

MY wife is a school teacher. She speaks Spanish as well as English and encounters a mixed racial group which has lent her artist's eye experience in guessing natal strains.

Recently she visited a Sunday School she had attended as a girl and while there was asked to pinch hit for an absent teacher. Her non-belief in the tenets of the church made her interest in the lesson less than her interest in the new faces before her, so she sought acquaintance with the young people and turned the hour of drudgery into an hour of delight for them.

The face of one pupil was outstanding in its oriental flatness and the pitch of the eyelids. She made inquiries of this child concerning its parents and was greatly surprised to learn that both of them were American born; but the child was Burma born. Its parents had been missionaries to India. Though there was no question of an infusion of Asiatic blood, here was a child born in Asia and possessed of the more marked Asiatic characteristics of feature and expression, or non-expression, as the Occidental blindly sees it.

With this instance in mind, I glanced over the Christmas CRISIS and found my eyes to be in the proper focus to perceive that the views of American Negroes, shown in company with Cuban and other national Negroes, showed, spectacularly, that the American Negroes are more American than they are African. Whiten some of them and narrow their lips a trifle and the faces of honorable Ku Kluxers (for some of them are honorable, I trust) and good-humored Rotarians, look out of the page at me.

I think this observation is rather pointed, but perhaps I should sharpen it a little more. How much does his country make a man? How much does his climate a part of which is his social and economic environment, make a man? And how much does the tradition of his blood make him? I would as willingly entrust my town's Chamber of Commerce to Mr. H. T. Richard, as its secretary, as to any white secretary I have met. I would more willingly hear T. W. Talley preach the life of Jesus than most of the ministers I have heard extracting the essence of Christianity above a pulpit. And if C. J. Parker of Columbia could not write human interest sketches as humorously as my father did, his face gives him the right to try—an American face, plus a Columbia cast of countenance. As for L. L. Burwell of Chicago, I wouldn't hesitate to let her bring up my babies, and can only regret that I am too old to let her do it. M. B. Bousfield is so thoroughly and climatically American, that she is Amerind; but, I judge, with more than climatic reason.

No, it is not race that makes brains capable or not so. It is the exposures they receive. And it is not race that makes a man national; but the weather and institutions to which he is exposed as his growth develops. Many a Negro is as typically American in all respects as the certified descendants of a President John Adams, or the uncertified descendants of a Benjamin Franklin. Faces tell the story, not their pigments.

C. B. LOOMIS.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

Personal

By Langston Hughes

In an envelope marked:
Personal
God addressed me a letter.
In an envelope marked:
Personal
I have given my answer.

Strange Legacies

By Sterling Brown

ONE thing you left with us, Jack Johnson,
One thing before they got you.

You used to stand there like a man,
Taking punishment
With a golden, spacious grin;
Confident.
Inviting big Jim Jeffries, who was boring in;
"Heah ah is, big boy; yuh sees whah I'se at.
Come on in . . . ."

Thanks, Jack, for that.

John Henry, with your hammer;
John Henry, with your steel driver's pride;
You taught us that a man could go down like a man,
Sticking to your hammer till you died,
Sticking to your hammer till you died.

Brother,
When, beneath the burning sun
The sweat poured down and the breath came thick,
And the loaded hammer swung like a ton
And the heart grew sick;
You had what we *need* now, John Henry.
Help us get it.

So if we go down
Have to go down
We go like you, brother,
Nachal' men . . . .

Old nameless couple in Red River Bottom,
Who has seen floods gutting out your best loam,
And the boll weevil chase you
Out of your hard earned home,
Has seen the drought parch your green fields,
And the cholera stretch your porkers out dead;
Has seen year after year
The commissary always a little in the lead.

Even you said
That which we need
Now in our time of fear,—
Routed your own deep misery and dread,
Muttering, beneath an unfriendly sky,
"Guess we'll give it one mo' try.
Guess we'll give it one mo' try."

Trademark

By L. Dale Ahern

I AM a business man, a big business man and you call me anything.
I am a lawyer skinning evidence and a doctor whittling hot bones or a corner grocery-man slicing steak.
You call me farmer, preacher, or politician and mean the same.
I am a business man, a big business man, and my symbol of trade—
Three crows that strain dark wings against the sun, dark wings against the sun of summer and the sun of winter,
Three crows that strain their gloomy wings and search over the green hills and the white hills,
And throwing wing-shadows on the grass-pastures and the snow-pastures search forever for the dead.

Cairo: At the Mason-Dixon Line

By Jonathan Henderson Brooks

THOSE engineers performed a mighty feat
In placing Cairo on their famous chart.
Here, where two streams have journeyed far to meet,
While two dire worlds are ever wedged apart.
Here—where the North and South begin and end
In No Man's Land between the white and black—
Cairo! change cars at Cairo. (So, my friend,
For once, I go ahead—and you stay back!)

The world is like a circus-place of cages;
So many lines are drawn to cage us in!
Lines are the shame and pity of the ages,
The barriers to friendship among men.
Some day we shall eschew this folly, Lord,
And be constrained to sheathe the foolish sword.

ALYCIA'S GRANDCHILDREN

(*Continued from page 225*)

resentment toward these men. She had herself often picked up Indian stones as she called them. But she had never given them much thought. These men seemed to know a great deal about them. Presently, fascinated by the stories revealed by those Indian relics, she forgot to hate these men and she said, "I have some pieces up there in the house. Would you like to see them?" They said with flattering enthusiasm that indeed they would. She flew up the path then, no longer crying, and brought back with her the box of stones she had gathered as a child. The men examined them and asked where she had found them. She told them where, gesturing with her head. All around here. On all the hills. And from her pieces they extracted fascinating tales about the Indians who had once lived here and made them.

It was already quite late when the men went away, for they had been delighted with her stones. And after they left, Alycia sat there with the Indian pieces in her lap, her soft dark eyes shining and her rapt face turned up to the fresh sweet twilight.

Less than a hundred years and all that was left of those Indians was a few pieces of chipped stone. The white men admired the workmanship of Indians. Praised their arrow heads. But the Indians were gone. The Indians had escaped enslavement. They had not imitated white folk. But they were gone. There were no more. There was nothing left to mark their being except these dead stones. These hills were no longer worked by red folk. They were worked by black folk! Her own people!

Less than a hundred years ago black folk had been slaves. But they still lived! They had not vanished from these hills, as the red folk had! *They* had survived! They lived! And more than that. By their own bootstraps they had lifted themselves. This house. This farm. Humble, indeed, as they had seemed to her this afternoon, they were nevertheless greater than all the arrow heads in all the world. And less than a hundred years ago grandpap had been a slave. Up there in the city where she had gone to college she had seen black children growing up in clean homes, with clean clothes, and they would never know dark tales of witches and ghosts. They would go to good schools. And all of this would be as remote to them as darkest Africa. Less than a hundred years.

Up there at the house grandpap was still singing, and as Alycia sat and watched the stars come out she felt her heart filling with humility and gratitude. Here, indeed, was something to be proud of. And she prayed to the Lord while she sat there in the cool depths by the spring that her grandchildren would have as much reason to be proud of the progress black folk had made as she herself had. It seemed to her then no longer a slow, hopeless task to help her people in their forward march. It became now a breathless adventure in which she was proud to take part. Less than a hundred years, and now the Indians were gone. Less than a hundred years, and black folk had travelled a thousand years. What would not a hundred years more mean to them who had travelled so far from such humble beginnings? Her own grandchildren would know!

When she returned to the house she found everyone sitting out in front of the house and they were telling stories. She slipped into their midst silently, loving them all more than she had ever loved them before. She did not hear what they said, but kept her glowing face turned up toward the moon.

"Please, dear Lord, give my grandchildren as much reason to be proud as Thou hast given me. Amen," she murmured.